

# The World

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## THE TRACTION EVIL AGAIN.

The fall anti-traction evil campaign is opened by the publication of the report of the Engineering Committee of the Merchants' Association on existing defects and abuses of trolley service.

The facts alleged are interesting and somewhat over-familiar. The car-ahead evil is righteously denounced. The suggestion is again made of the urgent need of two conductors in the longer cars during rush hours. The volunteer conductor on whom the company has come to depend does not suffice. It is pointed out that some of the reprehensible overcrowding comes from the failure to furnish transfers, by which much of the traffic would be diverted to less congested lines. Thanks to individual protest carried into the courts passengers are better off this year than last; transfers are now granted at more than a dozen points where formerly they were refused. An examination of the ground gained in the contention of the public against the trolley companies shows, indeed, that individual initiative has been responsible for more than concerted effort. The work of the transfer patriots and the car-ahead martyrs is not forgotten.

One good point made by the committee is that in Boston "the maximum number of cars run per hour in one direction on a single surface track exceeds by 40 per cent. the highest number reached in New York." The Metropolitan officials have repeatedly stated that it is impossible to run more cars in the busy hours. How is Boston able to do so under the adverse conditions of streets narrower than ours and as badly clogged by traffic?

Certainly some improvement must be had this winter. Surface and elevated lines together are now transporting nearly one billion of passengers a year! It is a total passing the ready comprehension of the mind. This year by the normal increase there will be nearly 50,000,000 additional passengers to be cared for. If the facilities last year were inadequate, how much the more are they now! It is going to be a bad six months for the New Yorker from Oct. 1, when the latest summer bird of passage has returned to town, until the opening of the subway for business.

## BACK TO TOWN.

The summer resort season is to-day unofficially at an end. There are those who will stay a week longer at the seashore, but they are few by comparison with the vast human tide that yesterday set homeward. The mountain houses will remain open for some weeks to come to extend hospitality to the wise vacationist who has postponed his two weeks off to the time of year when nature is at her best.

It has been a less profitable season for the hotel-keeper all around than he had reason to anticipate. At a time when the nation seemed burdened with superfluous wealth he counted confidently on an unusually large share for himself. Unpropitious weather and other causes not wholly determinable have disappointed him. Many hotels have had only two-thirds of their normal patronage. Others were on the verge of closing in the middle of the summer, but pulled through with reduced profits.

The seashore harvest time is brief, and that may account for the higher prices. It is the \$4 and \$5 hotel that now confronts the vacation tourist. Of old he could get half a week's board for what a day's now costs him. His railroad fare is rather cheaper than formerly, but in the aggregate he pays a higher cost for his cost of tan than he used to.

But it is money spent to excellent advantage. These coats of tan are soon gone, but in mental effect they exercise a prolonged influence for good. They conduce to improved health, make life the better worth living and the possessor a saner being. And a good thing about them is that the Coney Island brand of tan is equally efficacious in its way with Newport's. Nature fits its beneficent effects to all purses.

## IT DOESN'T PAY.

Last week the Wabash joined the other railways making the use of liquor in excess sufficient ground for an employee's discharge, and yesterday the report came from Pottsville that "in order to reduce the danger of accidents in the anthracite mines to a minimum and to assure steadier work by the men" the officials of District No. 9 will hereafter discharge all miners who become incompetent by reason of drink.

Because of the greater laxity of the miner's life this action in the mines is all the greater an innovation than that taken by the railroad, and the interesting thing about it is that it was suggested by the employees themselves. They recognized the risk to their own lives involved in the carelessness of a fellow-workman befuddled by intoxicants and their course was dictated by self-protection.

The drunkard long since lost his usefulness to society. It appears to be becoming a hard world also for the habitual drinker whose pride it has been that he never got "full." In these measures the best of temperance methods are seen. When it no longer "pays" to drink drinking will go into disuse to an extent not possible by moral suasion.

## LILLIAN BELL'S BABY.

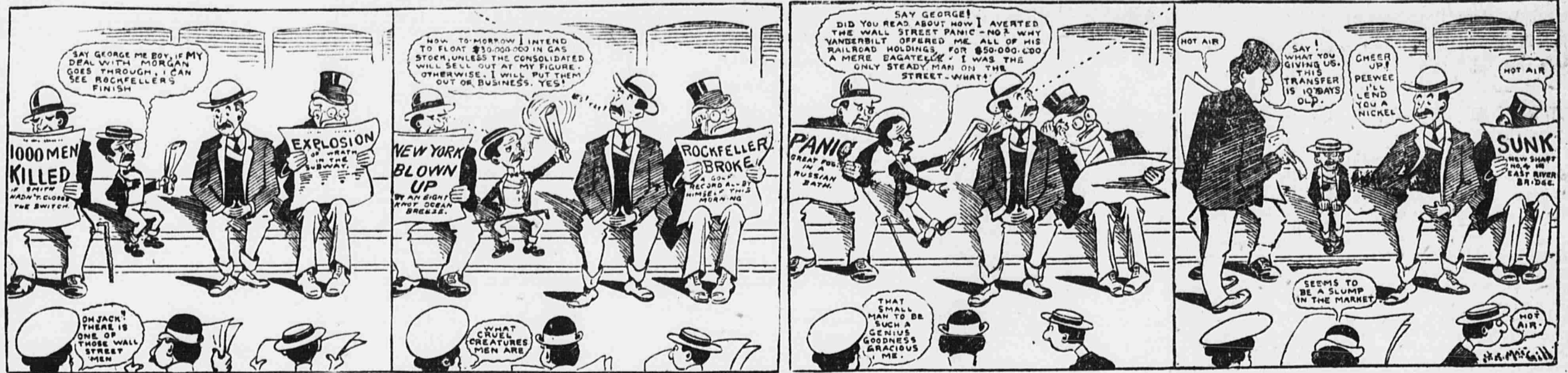
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." Lillian Bell goes Kingsley one better and hopes that her new baby girl will be not only not clever but not unfully fair to look upon. No fatal gift of beauty for her. And the novelist hopes also that her offspring will not be cursed with brilliance or wit and trusts that the public will "pass her by in utter ignorance and never know of her existence." All she asks for the little girl is a contented spirit.

So much the novelist has said for publication and no doubt she thinks she means it. But down in the depths of her maternal heart does she not wish her daughter to relish the sweets of fame, of which she herself has had an ample portion? Or to see her picture in all the Sunday supplements because of her beauty? Or to have her wearing a coronet becomingly and playing Lady Bountiful on a British estate of untold acres? Or giving freak dinner parties at Newport or spending a wheat-pit monarch's millions spectacularly?

If we are not privileged to doubt that Lillian Bell knows her own mind we must regard her as a most un-American mother.

# The Importance of Mr. Peewee.

Showing the Usual Fate of the Little Man Who Tries to Cut a Lot of Ice in a Crowd.



## TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS

A millionaire collector of antiquities in New York, in speaking of the various auction sales he had attended, said that he had for a long time been puzzled by meeting and sometimes being outbid by a young, slender and bright-eyed woman. One day he learned that a grandfather's clock, from a New Jersey Revolutionary household, had been sold to some one connected with the old Lyceum Theatre company. As he thought the clock had been bought for stage purposes and was therefore still purchasable, he hurried to the theatre. He bought a seat and prepared to wait till the performance had ended before negotiating the sale. His astonishment may be imagined when, as the curtain rose, he saw his rival collector on the stage. She was Miss Annie Russell, and at sight of the star he knew his precious clock was lost to him forever. This clock, a Mayflower chair, a Marie Antoinette scone, a Spanish couch that dates back to Columbus and some really remarkable Chippendale furniture are among Miss Russell's choicest treasures.

"Pa, where do the cows get the milk?" asked little Virgil Markham as he looked up from a foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears from?" asked the author of "The Man with the Hoe."

"Oh, do the cows have to be whipped?" commented the youngster after a thoughtful silence.

The Standard Oil magnate, John H. Flagler, and his young and attractive wife were guests on the Erin during several of the yacht races. Mr. Flagler was proudly wearing a yachting cap and his infatuation for it was such as to cause considerable anxiety to the young Southern woman who is his second wife. Mr. Flagler's conversation is of a decidedly humorous turn, and one afternoon he sauntered into the Erin's music room and began to crack jokes with the ladies assembled there, his cherished yachting cap upon his head.

Mr. Flagler, who is not the best of sailors, gazed fixedly at the cap, but with no effect. Mr. Flagler went on talking with the group, who were apparently oblivious of the breach of etiquette, and finally his young wife could stand it no longer. She half rose from her seat, coughed significantly, and as her husband turned, raised one hand to the brim of her own hat. "Johnny," she said in a tone of friendly warning, "Johnny, my dear!" And Mr. Flagler, realizing for the first time that the cap was on his head, fled precipitately to the deck.

David B. Hill strolled across City Hall Park the other day in the direction of Brooklyn Bridge. The Sage of Wolfert's Roost had not been in New York for some time, and a reporter who happened to see him in his brief transit across City Hall Square hailed him eagerly for an interview.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hill somewhat testily. "I am in the city on law business. Besides, I never talk politics between July and September."

## THE PAGAN'S CUP

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "A Coin of Edward VIII.," &c.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Richard Pratt, a somewhat mysterious American, settles in the English village of Colchester, being sought for by Mrs. Gabriel, lady of the manor. Between him and Mrs. Gabriel some strange animosity exists. Leo, Mrs. Gabriel's nephew and adopted son, is in love with Sybil Tempest, the rector's daughter, and quarrels with his aunt because she opposes the match. Pratt offers the local church a beautifully wrought gold cup.

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## Those Two Rockefeller Pictures.

The Oil King Is Posing Daily for a Couple of Portraits.



How the nation will enthuse when it ogles those two views Entitled "Tired Counting It" and "Watch Me Getting Rich!" While, to pay the painter's toll, kind John D. supplies his oil And leases in Fame's Gallery a large-sized double niche.

## A MYSTIC LOVE STORY.

to be liked, and hitherto I have not secured the good will of the people." "You will have it now," said Raston, "and particularly that of Pearl Darry. She loves beautiful things for the altar, and as she attends to the decorating of the chapel it will be a constant pleasure to her to keep this cup bright and spotless."

"I hope it will be safe with her!" cried Mrs. Bathurst. "These insane people are like magpies, and steal anything glittering that attracts their weak fancies. Are you sure she will not take it away, Mr. Raston?"

The curate was indignant. "Pearl would no more do such a thing than take her own life, poor soul," he said. "She is devoted to the church. Religion so far as her own poor brain understands it is her one consolation."

"She ought to be shut up," said Mrs. Gabriel.

"There I differ from you," said the vicar mildly. "She is not harmful enough to be placed in durance. Let her enjoy liberty and sunshine. Mrs. Gabriel, it is little pleasure she has."

As Mr. Pratt stood at his door watching a hearty good-by to his guests he saw that Hale was beside Leo and overheard a remark. "Come and see me in three days, Leo," the baronet was saying. "I want to speak to you most particularly."

"Most particularly," echoed Pratt, chagrinfully. "Humph! What's up now?"

(To Be Continued.)

## The Evening World's School of Real Lessons from Life.

### I.—ARITHMETIC.

Three twos are more than six in a table stake poker game.

Ten mills make one cent, ten millions one magnate.

Two pints one quart, four quarts one "still."

Two divided by one results generally in a divorce suit.

A single thing is called a unit—if feminine an old maid.

Multiplication is a process of increase not considered good form in the "400."

Sixty minutes make one hour, except in the Tenderloin.

That which has length only is called a line—on Sundays a sermon.

### Problems.

A man with stocks worth \$2,000,000 and land worth \$5,000,000 has a good lawyer and a political pull. How much tax does he pay?

A lady, who was a church member, brought over a 31-2 carat diamond from Europe. It was unset. What was the duty she paid?

A dairyman has three cows, each averaging a gallon of milk daily. His brother is a Board of Health inspector. How many quarts of milk does he sell daily?

Jones four years ago invested \$1,000 in 10 per cent shares of the Just-Like-Finding-It Gold Mine. How much has he received in dividends?

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

## THE MATERIAL OF THE BRAIN.

Whether it be the brain cell of a glow worm or one trembling with the harmonies of Tristan and Isolde, the stuff it is made of is much the same; it is a difference of structure, apparently, rather than of material. And the chemical difference between a brain or nerve cell and that of the muscles or the skin seems reducible mainly to a difference in the proportion of two substances—water and phosphorus. Lean beef, for example, is from 70 to 80 per cent. water; the brain is from 90 to 95 per cent. water. And a brain or nerve cell may contain from five to ten times as much phosphorus as, let us say, the cells of the liver or the heart. The actual quantity is, of course, extremely small—by weight but a fraction of 1 per cent.

About three pounds avoirdupois of this very complex phosphorized stuff make up an average human brain. There is a lot more of it distributed down one's spinal column, and little plexuses all over the body, wherever a group of muscles are to be moved, and others still, the sensory or feeling nerves, which are everywhere. It is hard to find a cubical half inch outside the bones where they are not.

## YOUR WEIGHT AND HEIGHT.

In the race for beauty the average young woman by no means gives first attention to her weight. She may believe that to be athletic she should be lean, but if she does she makes a mistake. She may be very athletic and still may be called plump. A woman, so long as she is not stout, will not worry over her weight provided she is physically prepossessing. At the same time the scales are anxiously watched, and for that reason our lady readers doubtless will be interested in studying a chart which is supposed to give the correct weight for the sex:

5 feet 1 inch.....	120	5 feet 6 inches.....	135
5 feet 2 inches.....	125	5 feet 7 inches.....	140
5 feet 3 inches.....	130	5 feet 8 inches.....	145
5 feet 4 inches.....	135	5 feet 9 inches.....	150
5 feet 5 inches.....	140	5 feet 10 inches.....	155

## LEO XIII. AND THE ARTIST.

All Paris has been chuckling these days over a little rebuff of the Pope's to a young Paris artist with more push than talent. He worried Leo XIII. to let him paint his portrait, and eventually the Holy Father allowed him to do so. The picture proved to be a daub, but the young artist did not think so and begged the Pope to write a Bible verse beneath it, with his signature. Leo XIII. accepted and quoted the twenty-ninth verse of the fourth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, and when the painter looked the quotation up he found it ran as follows: "It is I, be not afraid." And his friends chortled gleefully and rudely.

## A LITERARY MONARCH.

The most literary monarch in Europe is said to be young Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He speaks English, French and German equally as well as his native language, and has a reading acquaintance with Russian. He spends at least three hours every day in study busy with current literature of every kind. He is said to prefer the monthly reviews to daily journals; but, however this may be, it is quite certain that no monarch alive keeps himself more thoroughly posted in all questions of the day.

## LIKE THE SERBIAN TRAGEDY.

The murder of the Emperor Paul of Russia, in March, 1901, is the nearest approach to the Serbian tragedy. Paul had gone to bed in his accustomed manner, wearing his uniform, as well as being booted and spurred. He was awakened in the night by hearing the struggle between the sentries and the assassins. Grasping a sword, he killed two, but was then shot down and cut to pieces.